



VOL. II. RENSSELAER, (Collegeville P. O.) IND., OCTOBER, 1895. NO 2

AUTUMN.

WHEN brown and sere the leaves begin
to turn,
The cheerless winds go whistling through
the trees,
Where silence reigned in haunts of birds
and bees.
The twilight comes with soft and ruddy
glow;
And all the fields a dreary aspect show;
Cross Neptune's waves hold sceptre o'er
the sea;
The cruel lips of Autumn kiss to freeze;
And icy rains give pressure to the snow.
And so our life, fades to a darkening close,
And thus we go, from manhood to old age,
Our youthful hopes drop as the falling
leaves,
But not forever; like a star hope glows;
And shines anew in each succeeding stage,
To bring us nearer to eternal ease.

JOHN C. WAKEFER.

MYSTIC SPHINXES.

AMONG all the nations of antiquity,
mysterious Egyptian-land, the abode
of the Sphinx, is the most remarkable for
stability of government, wisdom of laws,
fertility of soil and its numerous monu-

ments. The proficiency which the ancient Egyptians attained, indicate to the traveller of to-day, wandering amid the ruins, the records of the infancy of civilized man. One stands spellbound, while contemplating the immensity of its ruins, the vastness of its edifices, the numberless remains of ancient magnificence, the most gigantic efforts of plastic art any race has left behind. Stupendous and mysterious symbolism characterize all the monuments of this strange people. Immense pyramids, holding closely hidden chambers of solemn mystery, vast temples, courts, areas and halls, lofty rose-tinted obelisks, towers, sitting-statues, colossal figures, crypts and catacombs cut out of rocks, shafts of columnus, blocks of granite, broken scraps of walls and finally long avenues of huge Sphinxes.

As one enters the valley of the Nile, these wierd rocks, buried half to the neck in sand, stand like sentinels, on the banks of the river which "flows through old hushed Egypt and its sand, like some grave thought threading a dream."

Older than the pyramids, as it were, older than history, these monsters lie couchant, like a watch-dog, looking ever to the east as if for some dawn that has not yet risen.

According to the legendary history, the Sphinx is an ancient Egyptian divinity, who personified wisdom and fertility o

Nature. She is represented as a lion couchant, with the head and bust of a woman, and wears a peculiar sort of hood, which completely envelopes her head and falls down on either side of her face. Transplanted into Egypt, this deity degenerates into a malignant power. Hera, being on one occasion displeased with the Thebans, sent them this awful monster as a punishment for their offences. The Sphinx, taking her seat on a rocky eminence near the city of Thebes, commanding a pass which the Thebans were compelled to traverse in their usual way of business, propounded to all comers a riddle, and if they failed to solve it, she tore them to pieces.

During the reign of King Creon, so many people had fallen a sacrifice to this monster, that he determined by every effort to rid the country of so terrible a scourge. On consulting the oracle of Delphi, he was informed that the only way to destroy the Sphinx, was to solve one of the riddles she proposed, then she would immediately precipitate herself from the rock on which she was seated.

Creon accordingly made a public declaration to the effect, that whoever could give the true solution of a riddle propounded by the monster, should obtain the crown and the hand of his sister Jocaste.

Oedipus offered himself as a candidate and proceeded to the spot where the Sphinx kept guard; he received from her the following riddle for solution. „What creature goes in the morning on four legs, at noon on two, and in the evening on three?”

Oedipus replied that it must be man, who, during his infancy creeps on “all fours”, in his prime, walks erect on two legs, and when old age has enfeebled his powers, calls a staff to his assistance and thus, as it were, has three legs. The Sphinx no sooner heard this reply, which was the correct solution of her riddle, when mortified, she flung herself over the precipice and perished in the abyss below.

Although Ammon is no more consult for oracles, and the sun has ceased to be the eternal source of light, even for the black Nubian; although the huge pyramids, dotting with age, have forgotten the name of their founder, and the Theban Sphinx proposes no more riddles: yet, there are still veritable sphinxes, that seem to be waiting like the Sphinx of Thebes, amid the silence of the desert, the approach of some modern representative, for some modern Oedipus, who shall extricate them from their oblivion. Sphinxes propose enigmas, too profound for solution, and to whose solution it only remains for us to conjecture but conjecture finds no solid ground on which to build the certainty of facts. No voice can tell their secrets; no, not even thought, plunging through the heaped up dust of ages can give a vague and feeble answer to the riddles they propose. They are therefore more mystic than the Nile, with its mysterious company of sphinxes, as solemn reminders of that great workman—the voiceless past. Nature, whenever she has a secret, is stricken mute. True it is:

“The universe is infinitely wide,
And conquering Reason, if self-glorified;
Can no-where move uncrossed
By some new wall, or gulph of mystery.”

Few of the facts of our lives are more mysterious and inexplicable, more paradoxical and contradictory, than the commonest of all, that great sphinx—the mystery of time. It arrives out of the future and shadowy possibility, it crystallizes in that infinitesimal moment we call the present, around whatever we think, we feel, we say or do, and is gone forever, unalterably holding in its adamantine grasp, the irrevocable action. What is done, is done forever; what is omitted, is forever lost. No awful fate, no tremendous doom, no iron necessity can compare with the relentless grasp of time. Every moment, as it goes by, judges us, when the act we put into it, is carved into the terrible past in letters more lasting than those which have resisted the sands and revolutions of Egypt. Those stones

may decay at last and their record be lost, but every moment of our life gives an account of itself in the imperishable record of the past. Time is forever a sphinx, whose riddles strike us dumb, for we have nothing to say about them. It has been said, time is the most undefinable yet paradoxical of things; the past is gone, the future is not come and the present becomes the past. Time is the measurer of all things, but itself undisclosed and incomprehensible.

The poet invokes another sphinx when he says:

‘Eternity, thou awful gulph of time!
This wide creation on thy surface floats.
Of life—of death—what is, or what shall be,
I nothing know. Death must unfold the
mystery.’

As far as the providential plans are concerned, Providence is another great mysterious power, whose secrets are dark and intricate, and if we attempt to trace them, we will be lost and bewildered in the fruitless search.

Our all-wise and all-loving God, is constantly unfolding secrets to his earthly children. All scientific discovery is the passage from the unknown to the known, every truth discovered is a fresh unfolded secret of the Creator. We drink in new truths, as God gradually reveals them. Thus, the mystery which had baffled the ages was unfolded at last and the old dream of the ‘world secret’, the faith of Copernicus, the vision of Galileo, and the inspiration of Kepler, were triumphantly shown to have been not an idle play, but divine leadings toward the discovery of the greatest truth of Nature that has ever been revealed to man. What that mysterious power is, which binds the universe in one harmonious whole; we do not know, we can only see its workings and define its results. Nature holds her grandest secrets close, and even Newton, her greatest interpreter, after a long life of research, could only sum up his experiences in these significant words:

‘I have been but as a child, playing on

the sea-shore, now finding some pebble more polished, and now, some shell more beautifully variegated, while the great ocean of truth, lies undiscovered before me.’

Another mystery—the future, which is an unmapped territory, every step is literally a step in the dark. The future is a ‘seven sealed book’, and no man can unclose the seals thereof. We discover its contents, only as God unlooses the seals and turns over leaf by leaf, one at the time.

Mysteries lurk in every ray of light, in every blade of grass, in every rudest stone, even the seed which is sown into the earth, will produce an inexplicable secret—the life of a plant. What is it, and why is the protoplasm always busy and active? Study as we may the life of the tiny plant, it is as much a mystery, as our lives. It came like all things, from the bosom of the great Father. Even the little flowers, the stars of the earth, hold the secrets of a sphinx. Thus the poet:

‘Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
Hold you here, root and all in my hand,
Little flower, if I could understand,
What you are, root and all, and all in all.
I should know what God and man is.’

Another sphinx, the mysteriousness of Nature, who does not know it?—terrestrial nature is one huge sphinx. She proposes enigmas too profound for the highest science. From surface to center, the earth is choked with mysteries, whose stony rind has never yet received a blow, much less a fracture, from the mallet of investigation. How long will it be before science will be able to swoop down with triumphant wing, upon the surfaces and fiery centers of those fellow planets that mysteriously weave and interweave paths across the concave, and thoroughly solve all their swarming contents! How many centuries and philosophers did it take, to solve that riddle of the system of the world? Indeed, it is yet very far from solution. Astronomers can only completely account for the movement

of a system of two such bodies, a system of three is quite beyond them, one of a hundred and more bodies, like our solar system, is immeasurably beyond them. There is not even a hope that science, with all its dynamical calculations, will ever undertake this higher problem. But there is a higher problem still. Solar system revolves around solar system, a group of such systems around a similar group, a cluster of such groups around a similar cluster, a firmament of such clusters around a similar firmament.

If a system of three bodies is too much for the most subtle and comprehensible science yet known, however imperial toward mastering such labyrinthian immensity of unsolved orbs, what can be done with the higher problem?

The poet has lent his fictions; the painter, his colors; and the orator, his tropes, to portray two other sphinxes; namely, life and death: What are they? we do not know—

“But this we know;—our loved and dead,
if they should come this day,
Should come and ask us “What is life?”
not one of us could say.

Life is a mystery, as ever death can be;
Yet, oh! how dear it is to us, this life we
live and see.”

“Then might they say—those vanished
ones—and blessed is the thought,
So death is sweet to us beloved, though we
may show you naught;
We may not to the quick reveal, the mystery
of death,
Ye cannot tell us if ye would, the mystery
of breath.”

Then, finally, when life and death have been completed, then bursts upon us the magnificent panorama of the Apocalypse, from the book of sublime mysteries, which affirms a Maker of these mysteries, who is himself the mightiest of all mysteries. An incomprehensible Creator, a being mysteriously without a beginning, mysteriously self-existent, mysteriously able to make the greatest and noblest things out of nothing, by simple volition, mysteriously all-knowing, mysteriously unfettered in the appli-

cation of his power, knowledge, duration, and personal presence, mysteriously—Three in One.—An unutterable mystery himself, his creations will be mysteries.

Such a mysterious God built the temple of Nature and thus founded it on mysteries, framed it with mysteries, pillared and bal-
lasted it with mysteries, paved and sealed it with a mosaic of mysteries.

J. F. ZIRCHER.

OFF GOTHAM.

PASSING from the great Metropolis of the Empire State over the East River upon one of the principal ferry lines at eventide, one finds himself in a dense motley but orderly crowd of people, whose ruffled faces, lit up by the anticipated joys of the family circle, characterize the business man, the artisan, and the day laborer; all anxious upon arriving at the opposite shore and hastening to reach the first train or trolley car, that diverge and run in every direction over the Island.

During the summer season at nightfall, the throng of people returning to the Metropolitan City over the same way is still greater and of a more cosmopolitan character. The outing garb, as well as the gay and fatigued expression of countenance, of the checkered multitude betray at once a mass of people bound homeward from pleasure and amusement.

A little later after the rush of passengers is over, the scene at the same place becomes dull and dreary, when a long line of creaking, towering trucks, heavily laden with vegetables, makes its way to the boat, reminding one of the immense demands upon our mother earth, to supply with food the many millions of human beings.

From this threefold observation the casual traveler will already be led to think that the Island, lying, as it were, like a huge majestic ship at anchor before the great commercial harbor, must be some-

thing like a vast nautical residence, excursion boat, and nautical tender to the peninsular Metropolis. Indeed, the City of Brooklyn on Long Island is not without reason called the "dormitory of New York" whilst the epithet may, with sufficient foundation, be applied to the entire Island during the summer season, as the rapid transit by way of trolley and railroad makes it possible to clerks and business men to escape the constant hurry and worry of city life and spend a quiet evening or day at their summer residence on the Island amid the cool and chirping boughs of leafy trees.

Separated from New York by the East River and from Connecticut by the Sound on one side, and "swept by ocean breezes" on the other, the Island offers the best facilities and attractions with its numerous bays and inlets for summer resorts. Thousands of people swarm the beach at Manhattan and Rockaway, which have acquired national fame as bathing places. Sousa's celebrated band and Paine's pyrotechnical display, representing the war between China and Japan were, among other inducements, additional attractions at Manhattan this year. The electrical display at this place along the beach is something gorgeous.

To clubs and societies the many landing places and splendid facilities for entertainment hold out most enticing inducements for their annual outing. Organizations, mostly political, and sometimes with many hundred members, arrive daily at one of the points on a chartered boat, and spend the day in various amusements and athletic sports. It is often very difficult to obtain an open date at some of the most popular resorts, as dates are fixed ahead far into September. Here, too, whole families of the laboring class find a suitable and inviting spot to spend a few hours of wholesome recreation on Sunday afternoons, promenading the groves along the shore or sitting under roof and watching the many nimble launches, smoothly gliding yachts, and merry excursion boats en route to Boston and elsewhere or return, while the lashing waves,

caused by the passing ships and the ebbing and flowing tides, fall upon the ear in poetical cadences. The surrounding scenery is exceedingly beautiful and often very picturesque. Towering villas partly ensconced in well wooded groves, greeting the eye from the elevated coast and hazy distance, together with ships of various sizes and construction scattered over the placid and reflective expanse of livid water and wending around the outstretched necks of land, afford untold delight to the many lovers and admirers of nature's grandeur.

But, as has already been intimated, the Island, besides being, as it were, a summer residence and resort, is also a garden for New York; in as much as the soil, which is generally very fertile and under a high state of cultivation, supplies the New York market daily with fresh vegetables. Hence the long train of provision wagons, which unite at the main ferry lines at nightfall and form processions along the streets.

It is not an unusual sight to behold scores of men and women engaged in cultivating the soil and improving the crop. In the interior there are still large tracts of swamps and marshes; but these are being rapidly drained. To one unaccustomed to the sight it is a peculiar and interesting feature to behold at one part of the day the canals and little rivers of the Island almost dry and, at another, filled almost to overflowing in consequence of the tides. The Island is also yet well supplied with forests.

It was my good fortune to spend the greatest portion of my vacation in one of the prettiest and most hospitable little cities of the Island, situated near one of the bays of Long Island Sound, from which I could easily reach Gotham by rail, trolley, or ferry line. The park-like little city has its name from a college which was located at one time upon one of its projecting points of land. Here I spent many pleasant days that I shall long remember, but the brightest of hours was always a stroll to the ever musical beach.

A STORY FROM THE GERMAN.

OF KARL MAY.

(CONTINUED.)

CONFRONTING me, Latreaumont accosted me thus: "You behold us in a situation which bids us connive at the usual formalities. Emery has related much about you, very much, which is to us an inducement to entrust to you our confidence."

"Yes, our whole, our unreserved confidence, Monseigneur", affirmed Madame; "you have braved so much evil with our Neveu, you will therefore, as we hope, not reject our entreaties." I was forced to restrain a laugh when I noticed the disposition of these good people. I knew them not, yet the utterance of the ladies betrayed their devotion to me.

"Mesdames and Monseigneur!" responded I, "I am ever ready to place my service at your disposal, my desire to please you shall excell your entreaties."

"Eh bien! Hearsay confirmed our expectations, yet I am obliged, in excuse of our forwardness, to acknowledge that our entreaties are the dictations of Bothwell."

"If they be within my power, they shall be faithfully executed", was my immediate reply.

"Thank you, Monseigneur", was the utterance of Latreaumont, "we have sustained a heavy loss, a terrible misfortune has befallen us."

"Yes, an inexpressible misfortune, Monseigneur", interrupted Madame bursting forth into tears.

Also Clarion applied her handkerchief trying to restrain the flood of tears.

"I pray, you Madame, speak."

Suddenly the little damsel demonstrated an expression of sorrow which greatly affected me.

"I request you, Monseigneur, impart to me your sorrow."

"Know you the Imoscharh or Tuareg?" he asked, but, considering my present ar-

rival, he responded himself in the negative. these people, if they deserve the name, are the most hideous on earth and their caravan streets from Aim Salah to Ahir, Dchenneh and Sakkatu on which my goods are conveyed to Sudan, pass through their immediate territory. Mine is the only house in Algier that negotiates with Timbuktu, Pullo and Hausa, and since remote from all other possible passages, necessity compells me to confront all danger that abounds on that road. A great misfortune befell our caravan during a recent journey; the Gum (caravan out on plunder) made an attack upon it, and with the exception of one person, who feigned to be dead, utterly destroyed both men and baggage. The terrible fate that had befallen my family, amid this catastrophe, was communicated to me by the surviving person already mentioned."

"Your house, Monseigneur, shall be released of all its misfortunes."

"My house, perhaps, but my family never. The loss of goods can be retrieved, but Renald, my son, my only son, was also left a victim to those savages; he, too, was a member of the caravan and his return is still the object of our longing."

The young lady could now no longer refrain from tears and Latreaumont, too, had given way to the sorrow which seemed to unman him. For a while I left them undisturbed after which I interrupted their sobs by asking them, if they had any definite knowledge regarding his fate.

"He still lives", was their reply.

"This, if you labor not under delusion, may be considered a miracle."

"He lives, we are certain for we received intelligence to that effect."

"Through whom?"

"Through a Tuareg, who was dispatched by his leader. He demanded a ransom."

"Of what did it consist?"

"Of goods, which I was to deliver to the oasis Melsir, I complied with the command, but my son made no appearance."

Again the unfaithful robbers demanded a ransom, I gratified their desire—”

“And with what result?”

“This is yet unknown. At the arrival of the second messenger, Bothwell had just made his appearance, this was about ten months ago.”

“Is Emery already so long in Africa?” interrupted I. “In this very month he intended first to journey to Algier.”

“A few weeks only, he sojourned at Alt-england, for he could no longer resist his delight in travelling, and, Helas, he came when his presence was most needed.”

“I forbode the sequel, Monseigneur, the government, with the many means at its disposal can avail you nothing. You were left to the support of yourself and thus it was the Englishman offered his service.”

“Just so.”

„What means did he adopt, to execute his project?”

“He bade the ransom to be delivered, that he might secretly pursue the course of the bearer.”

“A bold undertaking! Who accompanied him?”

“An only guide, an Arabian servant.”

“Whither did the way lead?”

“This time the goods were destined to the Oasis Lote.”

“Of what did the goods consist?”

“Of head coverings, huge guns, knives, wide shoes, such as the Arabians are accustomed to wear, and numerous gimcracks, which were of no value to us.”

“I see the Gum is desirous to accumulate riches at your expense and, after all, will keep your son a captive; guile is peculiar to them, but Emery has marked several of the articles.”

“How do you know that?” he quickly asked.

“No one has told me, yet I know it, sagacity has prompted him to do so.”

“Of what does the mark consist?”

“Of my initials, A. L.

“This mark will disclose the perpetrators to Emery.”

“Have you no information regarding him?”

“Very definite, Sir. Two weeks ago I received news of him and have ever since patiently awaited your arrival, for the news pertains mostly to you, Monseigneur.”

“I shall pursue him I suppose?”

“At all events. Here is the letter which was forwarded from Zinder.”

I perused the letter and found that neither place from whence, nor date when written was designated.

“Who was the bearer of this letter?” asked I.

“An Arabian who was commanded to meet you and act as guide.”

“Where may he be?”

“He is in the house.”

“I entreat you bid him appear.”

My entreaty was immediately fulfilled, and before me stood a figure suggestive of martial abilities, in it were realized my wishes, it alone was sufficient to infuse fear.

He betrayed his elegance of manner with a lively gesture of respect and, with a deep and menacing voice, gave vent to his Salam Aaleikum, peace be with you!

In response to this salutation I bade him welcome and inquired if he were not a son of the gallant Kubabish.

A. J. SEIMETZ.

(To be continued.)

Hark! From the flowing crimson stream
That sanctifies Mt. Calv'ry's heights,
There comes a welcome, blissful sound
Which bathes the soul in fond delights.

'Tis uttered from the Cross
By lips derided—yet divine,
Addressed to thee, my soul,
All hope and happiness are thine.

For Mary is our mother,
And Jesus is our brother;
Of royal birth are we,
Kings for eternity!

JAS. B. FITZPATRICK.

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

During the Scholastic Year by the Students

OF ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE,

Collegeville, P. O. - - - Ind.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One year's subscription.....	\$1.00
One half year.....	.50
Single copies.....	.10

Communications from past students kindly solicited and gratefully accepted by THE COLLEGIAN.

All remittances, literary contributions, and business letters should be thus addressed: ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN, Collegeville, P. O., Ind.

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EDITORIAL.

During the scholastic year, the "St. Joseph's Collegian" will be published on the last of every month, and will reach subscribers by mail in the following week. We would also invite the attention of our subscribers and patrons to the fact that our advertisers are representative business men worthy in every respect of your patronage whenever you are in need of anything in their line.

The Columbian Literary Society, which is entrusted with the care of the College Museum, is deeply indebted to the Rev. Fred. Schalk for the rare and valuable collection of coins and currency he has lately presented to the society. The Museum is rapidly assuming an attractive aspect, and can not fail to prove an interesting department to the visitor as well as the student. The officers in charge wish to express their acknowledgment of the liberality of their

friends in the past, and take this occasion to solicit any donation those interested may be pleased to make.

Hundreds of publications, both Catholic and secular, have recently been lauding the noble action of a certain Catholic lady — a nurse at St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Vincennes, Ind.—who voluntarily separated herself from all the enjoyments of life, in order to devote her services to the care of the lepers. Merited, indeed, is this universal recognition of the press; yet this act of benevolent heroism is only one of the many wherein Catholics have figured prominently. Thousands of others could be adduced from the history of the past. Let it suffice to say that this praise-worthy deed of self-imposed labor will serve to remind us once more that the Faith which has so often inspired such charitable devotedness cannot be otherwise than divinely established.

Through the kindness of their former Professor, the Rev. J. A. Nageleisen, each member of the sixth Latin class receives a copy of the "Praeco Latinus", a monthly journal printed in the Latin language. It is the only Latin monthly published in America, and the classical student who is preparing himself for a subsequent study of Philosophy and Theology can ill-afford to neglect the excellent opportunity offered him in the columns of the "Praeco Latinus". It not only gives him fluency and ease of expression, but also adds to his vocabulary of the ancient classics many words of modern origin and invention. The journal is eminently worthy of the recognition and support it is receiving from the literary lovers of the Roman tongue.

The almost universal increase in membership at the different colleges of our country forcibly bespeaks the gradual betterment of the times. This year the army of students at St. Joseph's was augmented by the enlistment of many new recruits. Certain-

ly of this large number completing for knowledge in the various departments some, at times, will meet with disappointments, for the same measure of success cannot be dealt to all, since nature has endowed some with talents a hundred fold, while others she has qualified in a less eminent degree. But diligent application has often overcome many a seemingly insurmountable obstacle, and perseverance has been known to dispel temporary clouds in every field of labor. What has been achieved in the past can be attained in the future, and hence, every student is responsible for his own success. It is at his option to make his college-days the happiest of his life.

BOOK REVIEWS,

“An explanation of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass”, by Rt. Rev. M. F. Howley, D. D., Bishop of West Newfoundland, is one of the best works of its kind that we have ever seen. The book contains a clear, simple, concise, explanation of the ceremonies and prayers connected with the Holy Sacrifice of Mass. It does not attempt to prove the doctrine of the Real Presence, but, nevertheless, no Catholic can read it without having his faith strengthened, while the honest Christian outside of the Church who is willing to grant that Catholics are sincere in their belief, cannot fail to admire the beauty and reasonableness of every act connected with the Holy Sacrifice. Best of all the book is written in an attractive manner, and the reader is loath, when once he has commenced its perusal, to close the little volume before he comes to the end. (Published by: Doyle and Whittle, Boston, Mass. Price, fifty cents.)

A Second Edition of “A Lady and Her Letters”, by Katherine E. Conway, is out. The second volume has been enlarged by the addition of an appendix, containing very useful information on Superscriptions, Addresses, and Invitations. This volume is the first of a series in the same style to be

known as “The Family-Sitting Room Series”. Miss Conway is connected with the Editorial staff of the “Pilot”, of Boston. To any one who is aware of the high literary standing of this paper, or who has read any of Miss Conway’s other books, it is only necessary to say that this little work does its full share to maintain the writer’s high reputation. Miss Conway’s style is a most pleasing one. She never writes unless she has something to say, and then she says it in the best possible manner. This book is intended for the ladies, and if you wish to give your sister, cousin, or lady friend, a birthday or Christmas present that is sure to prove both acceptable and profitable, we would advise you to send them a copy of “A Lady and Her Letters”—but be sure to read it yourself first. (Pilot Publishing Company, Boston, Mass. Price fifty cents).

“Father John’s Book” as the students affectionately term “Charity for the Suffering Souls” by Rev. John A. Nageleisen, C. PP. S., is fast securing a national reputation. Many of the most discriminating critics in the country bear testimony of its worth. We would like to reproduce all that has been said of it, but for the present we must limit ourselves to the following extract from an article on “Notable New Books”, which lately appeared in “The Ave Maria”. It says: “For comprehensiveness of subject matter, clearness of explanation, and earnestness of purpose, we heartily commend this new work on purgatory. The inquiries often addressed to pastors in reference to the departed souls, show a lamentable ignorance of the teachings of the Church on such matters. All possible questions and objections on these points are met by Father Nageleisen in a straight-forward way that carries conviction. Every page is worthy of close study.”

COLUMBIAN NOTES.

The bright outlook for the Columbian Literary Society during the present scholas-

tic year, is a source of much gratification to its members. In pursuance of the kind offer of Father Rector, arrangements have been made to have the meetings and all future programs, private as well as public, in the college hall, where the stage, the ample room, and the surroundings in general afford much more convenience than could be had in the former quarters, and go far to make the programs more attractive to the audience and more beneficial to the Columbians individually. The old society room has been partitioned off; one part being now used by the Columbians as a reading room, which has recently been greatly improved by the tasteful arrangement of its furnishings, especially of the miniature museum. For all these improvements the Columbians are greatly indebted to our present librarian.

The Society has admitted the following students to membership: Messrs. Albert Riester, Frank J. Koch, Thomas P. J. Travis, John C. Wakefer, Edward J. Misch, Howard Meighan, Theodosius Brackman, Didacus Brackman, Herman Fehrenbach, Goar Lutz, Julian Meyer, Eulogius Deininger, Faustin Ersing, Alexander Cook, Virgilius Krull, Gabriel Cotter, Placidus Sailer, Alphons Roth, Michael Roth, Bernard Heckman, Peter Cosgrove, Thomas McLoughlin, Edward Byrne, Joseph Engesser, Frank Diefenbach, Edmund Ley, and William Hordeman.

The roll shows more than sixty names at present, and applications for membership are being made at every meeting. This will surely give a new impetus to the society and have a tendency to raise the programs even to a higher standard than they have as yet attained. It also makes it easier for the society to select more suitable characters for the different parts in the plays to be rendered during the year.

The quarterly election of officers was held September 29. Following are the names of the officers elected.

President,.....John F. Cogan
Vice-President,.....Jacob Betsner
Secretary,.....Bartholomew Besinge,
Treasurer,.....Joseph Kohne
Critic,.....Thomas M. Conroy
Marshal,.....Frank Kuenle

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Editor of Columbian.....Edward Vogel
Librarian,.....Lawrence A. Eberle

The first program of this scholastic year was given in the college hall on Columbus day, Oct. 21. This day was also the third anniversary of the organization of the Columbian Literary Society. The Exercises commenced at 7:30 P. M. and were as follows:

Siegfried's March,.....College Band
Tableau,.....Columbians
(Departure of Columbus)

Oration,.....John F. Cogan
(The Catholic Hierarchy of America)

Ave Maria,.....College Orchestra

Recitation,.....Thomas Conroy
(Rienzi's address to the Romans)

Recitation,.....Eusebius Walters
Parody on Rienzi's address to the Romans)

Piano duet,..... { Prof. Hemmersbach
Arnold Weyman

Song, (Ave Maria).....Columbians

Spring Song's Waltz,.....Orchestra

The Columbian paper,....William Sullivan

Tableau,.....Columbians
(Landing of Columbus)

Afterpiece,..... { Lawrence Eberle
Edward Vogel
Eduard Misch
Frank Kuenle

(Waiting for the train)

Each participant in the program deserves honorable mention, but Messrs. Eberle and Vogel must be especially congratulated upon their achievements as comedians.

At the last meeting held on Oct. 26th the society decided upon giving a play on Thanksgiving Day. The choice fell upon the "Prodigal Law Student", which, judging from present indications, will be a success

THE CATHOLIC HIERARCHY OF AMERICA,

“Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime”.

Thus writes America's favorite Poet.

The study of biography has always been an entrancing one to the imaginative mind of the youthful. Nor can anything be more profitable to the youth who is beginning life's journey than careful examination of the paths travelled by those who have gone before him, and are held up as models for his imitation, whether they be warriors or statesmen, patriots or saints.

But look where we may, no where can we find a richer combination of ability and intelligence, patriotism and sanctity, than in studying the lives of the illustrious men that are found among the Catholic Hierarchy of America.

Aside from the honor we owe to their exalted office as chief pastors of the Church of Christ, they claim our admiration as men of strong personality and great force of character. First of all, as is becoming Christian ministers and successors of the apostles, they are virtuous men. Though not called upon to lay down their lives in defense of the faith as were the apostles, they have nevertheless, lived so as to proclaim it to the world, and set an example to the people most worthy of imitation. They have not permitted to themselves indulgence in luxuries and supinely awaited the course of events to carry them down the current of time to eternity's broad ocean, but have courageously battled with all difficulties and obstacles that beset the bark of Holy Church on her voyage through the unexplored regions of the new world.

We are accustomed to point with pride to the wonderful development of the Church in our country. We take pleasure in calling attention to her rapid increase in membership, an increase many times greater, proportionally, than that of our country's population during the last century. We know that there have been many causes

that contributed towards this result, but whatever the influences were that brought it about, the task of guiding aright this ever increasing multitude has fallen to the bishops of the Church, and to them, the divinely appointed commanders, is principally due the honor of religion's glorious triumphs in America.

Our country's history bears testimony of their devotion to our national institutions. The aid given to the cause of independence by the first American bishop, was of such great importance as to call forth the highest commendations from no less a personage than Benjamin Franklin himself, whose admiration for the founder of the American Episcopacy led him so far as to request of Rome the appointment of Father Carroll as first Bishop of Baltimore.

Bishop Hughes is another great prelate that came with his powerful assistance to his country's aid in her hour of trial. On two occasions, when the dark clouds of war hung over this fair land, he was called upon by the nation's chief executive for advice, first by President Polk, during the conflict with Mexico, and afterwards by the immortal Lincoln when the country was plunged in civil war. In both instances the greatest deference was shown to his judgment, and the most delicate questions entrusted to his care.

Many other examples might be adduced to illustrate the deep interest the American Episcopacy has always manifested in public questions, and to show how dear to them is their country's welfare. But politics or diplomacy is not the clergyman's vocation. He only gives his attention to them when appealed to by his country's necessity. Consequently the energies of the American Bishops have been almost exclusively devoted to the flocks entrusted to their care. This trust has been of such a nature as not only to require much time and great labor, but also executive ability of the highest order. Men can always be found in the Hierarchy who will compare most favorably with those at the helm of state. The Church

can also point to her Washingtons, Jacksons, and Lincolns. In her legislature councils may be found Websters, Clays, and Calhouns. In the field of oratory it has always been conceded that many of the nations most eloquent speakers were to be found in the ranks of our ecclesiastical dignitaries. Their ability has been of such a high standard as even to disarm jealousy. Honors received by them are appreciated by the whole people, regardless of class or creed, as redounding to the good name of our common country. This was instanced by the enthusiasm which hailed the appointment of Bishop McCloskey as the first American Cardinal; and again when this dignity was conferred upon our present illustrious Cardinal Gibbons.

No monuments of marble are necessary to perpetuate the memory of these men. The Church in America is an imperishable memorial of their deeds. As for their names we have reason to hope that some of them at least will be transmitted to the ages on the sacred calendar of the canonized saints. The character of every member of the American Hierarchy is worthy of our study and we cannot but be benefited by reading the story of their lives. Who will not find himself improved by becoming acquainted with the life history of the saintly Newman? Where is the student that can afford to ignore the literary masterpieces of a Spalding? What Catholic will not have his love for Holy Church increased when he sees a Bayley and an Eccleston surrender the brightest worldly prospects to become humble members of her fold?

As to the eminent men that constitute the present Hierarchy of America, it can safely be said that among their number may be found some of the best and ablest men of our age; men distinguished, not alone for learning and ability, but also for zeal and piety.

It certainly has not been human intelligence or foresight that has so infallibly placed the most worthy at the head of the

Church. One cannot help acknowledging here the interposition of the Divine will.

Happy indeed are we who are so fortunate as to hold communion with, and be children of this Holy Church, in which abides the Spirit of Truth, and well may we be proud to claim as "our patria" a land that has nourished such men as compose America's Hierarchy, and revere the flag that has given them shelter.

JOHN F. COGAN

EXCHANGE COLUMN.

St. Mary's Chimes is undoubtedly the peer of the acquisitions we have made to our exchange list from Academies. It seems customary among College papers to devote at least one article treating of some distinguished litterateur; instead of introducing an essay on Shakespeare or another luminary of kindred importance when it is possible to weave a few quotations and opinions previously expressed by others into a readable essay, we are pleased with a composition of marked originality on William Winter, a comparative stranger to the reading public. The remaining articles are on a par with the above mentioned, while the poetry gives evidence of the fact that the ascents on Parnassus' slope have been extended to a height where the atmosphere is poetically inspiring. In the disposition, remarkable taste is displayed.

Dieudonne is the most meritorious article in the October number of Mt. St. Mary's Record. The pathetic tenor of the composition is brought into prominence by prose, which in a degree approaches poetry. The thoughts and ideas harmonize admirably well with the manner of their expression. We do not wish to insinuate that all efforts have been expended on this single article. "How Martha was comforted", and "Woman in primitive culture" are not lacking in worth. The exchange column is also pleasantly written.

It is with pleasure, that we add our ap-

proval to the complimentary notices taken of the Stylus by your exchanges. It is the most pretentious in appearance and ably supports its claims by articles that bespeak more than ordinary literary ability.

The Dial continues to exercise the qualities which rendered it a bright and important journal. But we cannot conclude with the essayist that Dr. Egan is wrong in his assertion as regards the spontaneity of poetry. We believe that more than one interpretation can be put upon the sentence. The essay is well written.

The invitation extended to College papers to exchange met with a response from a goodly number. As mentioned, we could not count our friends by the score prior to the present year for the reason that so many matters of trivial importance had to be disposed of before matters which tended more pertinently to the development of the "Collegian" could be given attention. Timidity requires a first mentioning. We resembled the Spartan Isadas in wondering at our temerity in not advancing our acquaintance upon others, as we had an inkling that the enthusiasm naturally accompanying the first issues was perhaps accountable for the high appreciation we had of our efforts, but which might not receive sanction from the more experienced members of College journalism. As Virgil had previously written the hackneyed quotation "Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit", we possessed a slight opinion that the Muse, by whom he had been inspired, had foreseen our situation. No regret is ours: the recognition accorded us has been a pleasant one.

It is a source of regret that space forbids a more extended welcome to the following papers: The Salve Regina, The Georgetown College Journal, and Leaflets from Loretto.

We also acknowledge receipt of The Mountaineer, The Viatorian, St. Mary's Sentinel, St. Vincents Journal, The Boston Pilot, The Republican, and the Rensselaer Pilot.

MILITARY JOTTINGS,

Hip.

"Barnum, bring that gun to a carry."

Felix is very anxious to know when he will get his stripes.

As Upton's, which has been considered the standard tactics of the battalion, is no longer in print, the recent revised United States Infantry Drill Regulations, published by D. Appleton and Company, have been adopted instead.

Our ex-Chaplain calls on us frequently as we swing the old musket in the armory. He has always shown a lively interest in our work and especially delights to see the "Walz Cadets" progress so nicely.

There is a rumor afloat that the officers intend to form a squad among themselves for sword drill. It is a movement worthy of commendation, as it will remedy a long felt want and add greatly to our military programs. If the rumor be true encourage the matter, Major.

The battalion will render their first public program on Thanksgiving Day in the armory. It will consist of an indoor dress parade, exhibition drills by the Seifert Light Guards and Walz Cadets, and a schedule of display movements by the Boebner Columbian Guards. The drills will be interspersed with music by the College Military Band.

The squad has been supplied with new guns, belts, bayonet scabbards, etc. A sufficient number of knapsacks has also been procured, which together with the white drooping swan plumes will improve their soldierly appearance very much.

Co. A promises to become the best drilled company hitherto seen on the college campus. The twenty sturdy cadets that compose it, show special military tact, and no pains are being spared by the officers in charge to develop the talent displayed. The manual of arms is well executed and the marchings are also deserving of mention.

Co. B although containing the majority of the minims, is equally expert in handling the "piece". Captain Mungovan is doing his utmost to eclipse company A and by the interest shown it is evident that a close contest will follow at the end of the session for the colors.

The following are the officers and privates selected from the two companies to form the Boebner Columbian Guards:

Lieutenants Fr. Kuenle, Edw. Koenig, Jos. Kohne and Jos. Engesser. Sergeants Jos. Pfeifer, T. Travis, Wm. Hordeman, and F. Seroczynski. Privates Edw. Vogel, Alb. Riester, A. Roth, Ed. Byrne, Wm. Laibe, Fr. Diefenbach, Thos. McLoughlin and Louis Fralich.

SPORTING NEWS.

The base ball season is at an end and all the enthusiasm given to it has been transferred, for the time being, to where it was most needed—to football, which, if all signs fail not, has been given an impetus that will raise it in the estimation of the students to a place alongside the national game. Out of the temporary organization spoken of last month, two permanent ones have sprung, the Vigilants under Jas. B. Fitzpatrick as Manager and Edw. Mungovan as Captain; and the Defenders, Jos. Pfeifer, Manager, and T. M. Conroy, Captain. Grounds have also been selected and marked out, hard practice begun and arrangements made for a series of games, the first of which was played last Sunday afternoon.

The game was an exciting one throughout, and it is to be regretted that a failure in arrangements makes it impossible to give a full summary of it. But what is worth more comment than the mere game itself are the many fine plays, which show what real strength the teams possess and how well they are beginning to develop it. No real interest having been taken in the

game previous to this year and many of the players being men whom it is safe to say had never seen a gridironed field, much less the complicated rules relating to the game played on it, before they entered College, great deficiencies were naturally to be expected and the contrary was the cause of much surprise and gratification. Both captains had a good command of their secret signals and used them with effect. The Vigilants showed considerable tact in their interference and scored for themselves four touch downs, three by Fitzpatrick and one by Barnard: while Mungovan had the ball all but over the line at the close of the second half when time was called. The Defenders were not so fortunate in scoring, one touch down, a fine play made by Fralich being all they secured to their credit; but the efficient work of Pfeifer and both guards, McLoughlin especially, was a fine feature of the game and a significant indication of what may be expected in the games remaining to be played. Both teams showed a want of practice in kicking goal, but considering the high wind blowing anything better could hardly be expected. The captains of the two teams deserve great credit for the brilliant start they have given their respective teams, and it is to be hoped that they will continue to keep the men down to hard practice and thus bring to a fitting close a season so well begun.

The line up at the beginning of the game was as follows:

Vigilants:		Defenders:
Murphy	Left End	Wakefer
Hurst	Left Tackle	Schulien
Heckman	Left Guard	McLoughlin
Beech	Center Rush	Steinbrunner
Reichart	Right Guard	Byrne
Boeke	Right Tackle	McNeil
Shea	Right End	Van Vlandern
Diefenbach	Qr. Back	Travis
Barnard	Rt. Half Back	Pfeifer
Fitzpatrick	Left H'f Back	Fralich
Mungovan	Full Back	Conroy

The Score:

Vigilants	16
Defenders	4

PERSONALS.

Father Rector and Father Stanislas were at Lafayette on the 24th attending the diocesan conference.

The Rev. Philipp Hartmann, C. PP. S., of Celina, Ohio, was a welcomed guest at the College last week.

Robert and Maurice Peelle were delightfully surprised by an unexpected visit last month from their mother, who was en route to Michigan City as a member of the State Board of Charity.

Mr. Klass and sister spent the first Sunday of the month with their brother Christ.

Arlie Stevenson was also the recipient of a visit from his parents and his sister during the first week in October and later on by his father who took him home for a course of medical treatment for the heart. We hope to see the bright and cheerful Arlie return soon to resume his studies.

Mr. Fitzpatrick was most agreeably surprised by a short visit from his sister on Columbus Day.

Father Berg of Remington drove over to see us a few days ago, bringing with him Father Weber.

Mr. Frank Schulien of Ottoville, Putnam Co., Ohio, is the latest addition to our number of students.

Mr. Dennis Schweitzer, one of the scholastics, who finished the classical course last year, is now stationed at the novitiate of the Congregation of the Precious Blood at Sharpsburg, Ohio, where, as a teacher, he is in full enjoyment of the quiet of monastery life. He will commence his seminary course next year with the other members of his class who are at present teaching in the College.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Subscribe for the "Collegian".

Jerome is still smiling.

Patronize our advertisers.

"I've a notion to get excused from supper."

Fitz says "The Columbians" need a larger gymnasium case for their museum."

The college auditorium has been supplied with new chairs.

The graduating class has commenced the study of Homer under their professor Father Eugene and find it delightful, so they say.

The piano recently purchased in Cincinnati by Father Clement has arrived and been placed in the first music room.

The Marian Sodality held its first regular meeting of the year on Sunday, October 15th, in the college chapel. After a few well chosen remarks by the Spiritual Director, the business preparatory to the admitting of new members was transacted. The meeting closed with the recital of the Little Office of the Immaculate Conception.

The favorite indoor winter game "hot hand" has again found its way into the recreation hall. "Brinky" is getting very enthusiastic over this kind of manual labor.

Brother William and Joseph have been busily engaged for some time during the past month in transporting eight car loads of coal from the city to the college. The cost of the fuel, which is by far not sufficient for the entire year, is \$600.00.

The monthly requiem for the poor souls was deferred this month until a week later. This mass is generally offered up on the first Monday of every month in compliance with one of those salutary rules of the Spiritual Benevolent Fraternity, a society instituted at the college for the special purpose of helping those who have gone before us to eternity.

Mr. Robert Meyer, a scholastic of the Precious Blood Community, who studied at St. Joseph's has been appointed to teach at the Indian Normal School in Collegeville. We wish our esteemed fellow-student success in his new field of labor.

On October 12th a mass meeting was called for the purpose of taking the preliminary steps towards the organizing of a gymnasium. No definite results have, as yet, been attained but the committee, which has been appointed to take charge of the matter will not be conquered so easily, for they are contemplating the introduction of a first class gymnasium into the college.

Brother Ignatius has recently placed two steam pumps in position for the purpose of forcing water into the large tanks in the attic. The pumps will propel 3,000 and 2,700 gallons respectively in an hour.

Since the last issue of the "Collegian" the Spiritual Directorship of the Marian Sodality has been given over to Father Benedict. Various other duties on the part of Father Mark rendered it impossible for him to take the charge under his supervision.

The wide awake city of Rensselaer is gradually coming to the front. Within the last four months many notable improvements have been made, among others the erection of an Odd Fellows Building and a new Presbyterian Church. Cement walks have also been laid which will help greatly to beautify the city and add to the comfort of its inhabitants.

A student of the fifth class in Literature being asked to give his idea of the words of Southwell:

"Single sands have little weight,
"Many make a drowning freight"

promptly gave his version of them in the old saying, "United we stand, divided we fall"

Father Maxmilian's class in Religion has just finished a study of the Social Question in its religious phase, using the Jesuit Father, Kathrein's, admirable treatise in the discussion.

The Minims are at present practicing the "Wanderer", a little drama arranged for boys and will present it in the Auditorium on the evening of All Saints' Day. The play was first given at the College about four years ago by the Columbians as a first

attempt at anything dramatic and met with the same success that has characterized their later efforts.

The students love to revel on Wednesday afternoon in the embowered woodlands, where the russet leaves now glisten in the soft dreamy light of Indian summer.

The amusing afterpiece given during the Columbus Day program was heightened to a great extent by the fine scenic effect. The railroad station with its time tables, benches and trucks could not have been more realistic and with Kuenle at the telegraph instrument many in the audience claimed they could read the messages as they were clicked out. The advent of the puppy by telegraph, however, was clearly beyond the comprehension of all.

The Month of the Holy Rosary was observed at St. Joseph's with special devotion, for besides the regular recitation of the beads in the morning, at the students' mass and again during the evening prayers of the religious, at which a great many of the secular students were voluntary attendants, the Rosary was also said and the Litany of the Blessed Virgin recited on Sunday evenings in presence of the Blessed Sacrament, classical students in surplice leading in the exercises. The Rev. Rector, in his sermon last Sunday, took occasion to express his gratification of the devotion thus shown and a desire to see it continued. Speaking of our relations to our Blessed Lady, he compared them to a child, which, as it rests in its mother's arms, may, by accepting the protection and nourishment offered it, wax vigorous and strong, or, by refusing them, do untold injury to itself and eventually fail to reach its destiny: a strikingly beautiful example, indeed.

Responding to the kind invitation of the management of the Old Settler's and Barbecue Meeting, held at the Rensselaer Fair Ground in the beginning of the month, the students all attended in a body, and each one reported an enjoyable time. The program consisted of foot races, horse and bicycle